



BATMAN

15c

NO. 219
FEB.



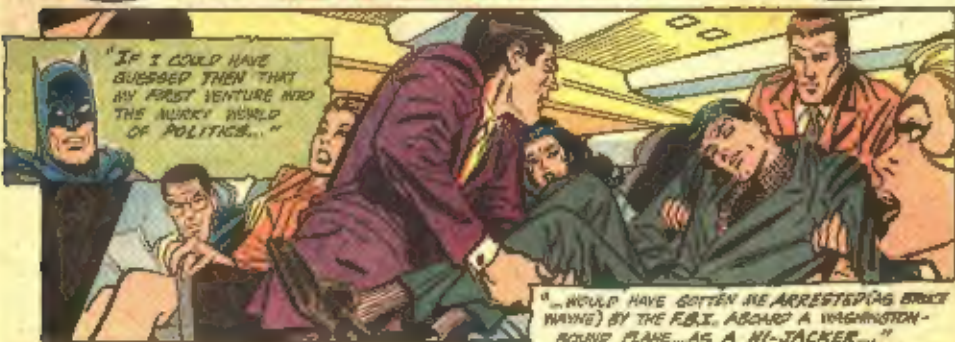
**'DEATH CASTS
THE DECIDING VOTE!'**



STORY BY:
FRANK
ROBBINS

BATMAN

ART BY:
IRV NOVICK
&
DICK
GIORDANO



DEATH CASTS THE DECIDING VOTE

BATMAN No. 219, February, 1970. Published monthly, with the exception of April and October, by NATION AL PERIODICAL PUBLICATIONS, INC., 2nd & DuSoy Sts., SPARTA, ILL. 62556. Editorial, Executive Office, 28 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. Julius Schwartz, Editor. Carmine Infantino, Executive Director. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT SPARTA, ILL., under the act of March 3, 1970. See advertisements. For advertising rates address Richard A. Feldman & Co., 40 E. 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017. Copyright © National Periodical Publications, Inc., 1970. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. The names, characters and incidents appearing in this magazine are entirely fictitious. No actual persons, living or dead, are intended or should be inferred.

"This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition, nor altered in, nor as part of any advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever." Printed in U.S.A.

IF I'D ONLY KNOWN THAT ANYONE
WAS IN THE STATE CAPITOL
BUILDING--WHAT I KNOW NOW, BUT,
ANY FOOL CAN HAVE HINDSIGHT...



"I'D COME TO
LOBBY FOR
PUBLIC FUNDS
TO ALIBMENT
MY PRIVATELY-
FUNDED V.I.P.
(VICTIMS INC.
PROGRAM)...
ALREADY
BEYOND MY
MEANS..."



YES, MR. WAYNE--I HAVE
YOU DOWN ON MY
CALENDAR FOR 4:00!
I'LL SEE IF GOVERNOR
PUTNAM IS FREE...



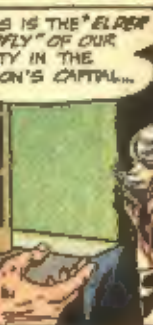
OH, I'M SORRY,
SIR! DIDN'T
REALIZE YOU
HAD...

QUITE ALL RIGHT, MISS
HOPKINS! MY VISITOR DIDN'T
COME IN THE USUAL WAY!

BESIDES, I WANTED MR.
WAYNE TO MEET HIM!
SHOW HIM IN,
PLEASE.



YOU TWO HAVE A
COMMON CAUSE,
BRUCE--THE
BURNING DESIRE
TO COMBAT
ORGANIZED
CRIME!



THIS IS THE "ELDER
GADFLY" OF OUR
PARTY IN THE
NATION'S CAPITAL...



"OLD SILVER MANE"--
SENATOR LINCOLN
WEBSTER!



THE "HOUSE WHO ROARS LIKE A LION"--
AS MY LESS-WORTHY OPPONENTS
FONDLY CALL ME!

AND I'LL
CONTINUE
ROARING TILL
THESE WEAK-
KNEED NINNIES
ACT ON MY
BILL!



LINCOLN'S STRONG ANTI-CRIME BILL IS
COMING UP FOR A VOTE ON THE SENATE
FLOOR TOMORROW MORNING,
BRUCE...

...SO HE FLEW
IN TO PLOT PARTY-
STRATEGY WITH
ME! STRICTLY OFF-
THE-CUFF, YOU
UNDERSTAND?

THE GOVERNOR HAS SHOWN ME
YOUR PROPOSED LEGISLATION,
WAYNE--VERY IMPRESSIVE!

BUT...

...MY BILL IS
DESIGNED TO PUT
YOUR LOBBY OUT
OF BUSINESS!
\$100,000 WILL
PREVENT "VICTIMS"
"INCORPORATED"--
OR OTHERWISE!

I'VE READ IT,
SENATOR! YES,
IT WILL GO A
LONG WAY TOWARD
CURBING CRIME,
BUT-- I'M
AFRAID...

I LIKE YOU, WAYNE--YOU DON'T BUBBLEFOOT
WITH ME! YOU'RE ~~AWAY~~--I'M
AFRAID TOO, WE'LL
ALWAYS HAVE
VICTIMS!

BUT AS YOU
KNOW, THIS IS NOT
JUST A LOCAL
ISSUE...

I'D LIKE YOU TO COME BACK TO
WASHINGTON WITH ME! THERE
ARE SOME...AH...INFLUENTIAL
PEOPLE, WHO MIGHT APPEND
YOUR IDEAS TO A FEDERAL
BILL ON "HEALTH AND
WELFARE"!

THIS IS
MORE THAN
I EXPECTED,
SIR...

IN MY BUSINESS, WAYNE,
YOU DON'T EXPECT
ANYTHING--YOU
FIGHT FOR IT!

I KNOW, GOVERNOR--
THE BACK-DOOR
OUT! AS FAR AS
ANYONE KNOWS--I'M
STILL IN WASHING-
TON, D.C.!

YEAH, BOSS--IT'S HIM!
ALL RIGHT! JUST SNEAKS
OUT THE BACK-DOOR OF
THE GUY'S BAILIWICK!

HAS TO BE HIM,
ACCORDING TO OUR
INFORMANT! PASS
THE WORD TO THE
BOYS AT THE
AIRPORT!

SURE THIS CLOAK-AND-
DAGGER ROUTINE IS
NECESSARY IN INTER-
PARTY POLITICKING,
SENATOR WEBSTER?
WOULDN'T WANT THE
OPPOSITION TO GET
WIND OF...

MORE THAN THAT,
WAYNE! THERE ARE
POWERFUL FORCES IN
THE UNDERWORLD
WHO MIGHT STOP AT
NOTHING TO PREVENT
MY BILL FROM GOING
THROUGH!



ARRIVING AT
THE AIR-
TERMINAL...

THIS COMPUTER-SPECIAL IS
LIGHT-LOADED, SIR--NO TROUBLE
PICKING UP A TICKET!

ORDINARILY I'D USE MY PRIVATE-
JET--BUT THIS TRIP...

THIS
PROCEDURE
IS WISER!



TAKE ANY AVAILABLE SEAT,
MR. JONES--MR. WAYNE...

JONES?



INCORRECT--AND TOURIST-
CLASS! YOU'VE GONE
TO GREAT LENGTHS, SIR--
TO BLEND WITH THE
COMMON MAN!

I HOPE NEVER TO
RISE ABOVE THEM--
THEIR "COMMON"
VOTES PUT ME
WHERE I AM!



BUT TWO OF THE "COMMON MEN" PROCEEDED
AHEAD TO THE CONTROL-CABIN WHERE...

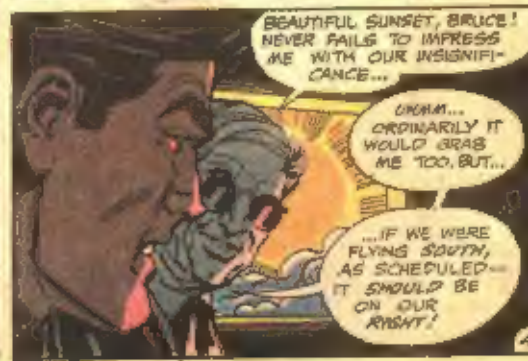
OH, NO!
NOT AGAIN--
AGAIN!

NON LOOK, FELLAS--BE
REASONABLE! THIS IS
A SHORT-RANGE
CRAFT...



WE AIN'T GOING THAT FAR!
WE'RE BUYING TIME--
NOT DISTANCE!

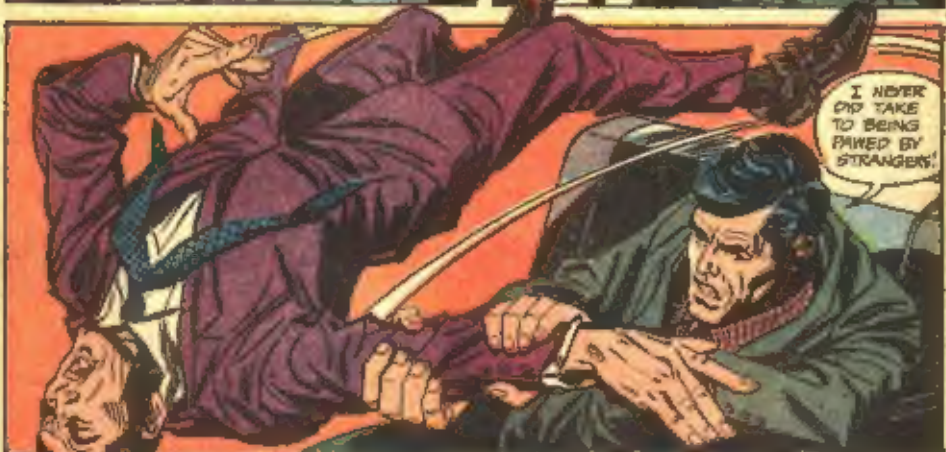
JUST TURN NORTH
WHEN WE'RE
AIRBORNE!



BEAUTIFUL SUNSET, BRUCE!
NEVER FAILS TO IMPRESS
ME WITH OUR INSIGNIFI-
CANCE...

UHMM...
ORDINARILY IT
WOULD GRAB
ME TOO, BUT...

...IF WE WERE
FLYING SOUTH,
AS SCHEDULED--
IT SHOULD BE
ON OUR
RIGHT!



"I DON'T COTTON TO THEIR SENSES OF DIRECTION, EITHER... NO..."

WHEN I GOTTA
GO—I GO
MY WAY!

KCHOK

SOMEHOW THEY LOST ANY FURTHER FEELING TO PUSH
THEIR POINT, AND AS I MOVED ON...

JUST AS I
THOUGHT! A
HAVANA HI-
JACKER—WITH
A BAD SENSE
OF GEOGRAPHY!

"BUT I HADN'T FIGURED ON HIS BEING...
BACK-STOPPED!"

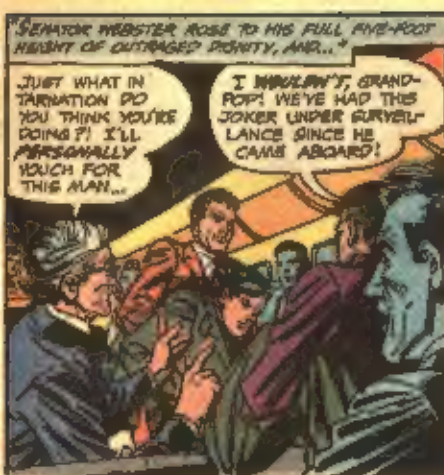
THUNK

UNNNHH!

"AND, AS OLD SILVER MANS TOLD ME LATER..."

TIE HIM UP AND DUMP
HIM SOMEWHERE OUT
OF SIGHT! DON'T WANT
THESE NICE PEACEABLE
FOLKS DISTURBED BY
A HI-JACKING
NUT!

?!?



SENATOR WEBSTER ROSS TO HIS FULL FIVE-FOOT HEIGHT OF OUTRAGED IGNITY, AND...

JUST WHAT IN TARNATION DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING? I'LL PERSONALLY YOUCH FOR THIS MAN...

I DON'WANT, GRAND-POP! WE'VE HAD THIS JOKER UNDER SURVEILLANCE SINCE HE CAME ABOARD!



A.B.T.--FOLKS! RELAX--EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL NOW!

IS IT? SOMETHING SMELLS TO THE CAPTID ROME HERE, BUT...

"I CAN'T REVEAL MY IDENTITY TO THROW WEIGHT! BETTER RELAY--NOTHING MORE CAN HAPPEN TO WAYNE IN FLIGHT! LATER, WE'LL SEE..."



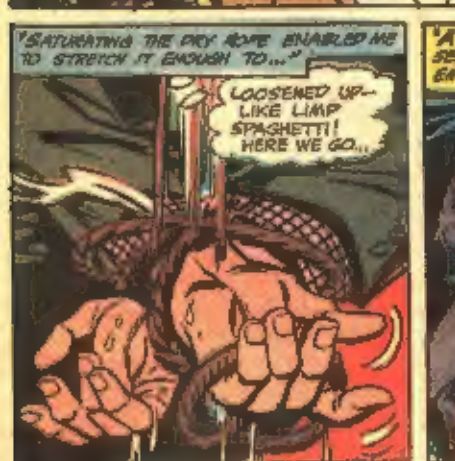
"I'D KNOW IT HAD TO END UP THIS WAY--AND IT SUITED MY PLANS PERFECTLY! ALONE IN THE ROOM--CONFINEMENT, ONE GUARD OUTSIDE..."

THERE COMES A TIME WHEN "BRUCE WAYNE" IS HELPLESS, BUT...



"I DIDN'T NEED HOT COFFEE TO WAKE ME UP, BUT... IT SERVED A BETTER (IF MORE PAINFUL) PURPOSE!"

...BATMAN ISN'T!



"SATURATING THE DRY ROPE ENABLED ME TO STRETCH IT ENOUGH TO..."

LOOSENED UP--LIKE LIMP SPAGHETTI! HERE WE GO...



A CONVENIENT SUPPLY OF MAE WEETS--WITH THEIR SELF-INFLATING MECHANISM--HELPED FILL BRUCE'S EMPTY CLOTHING!

IT'LL PASS A CURSORY INSPECTION IN CASE ANYONE IS IN A POSITION TO GET CURIOUS--AFTER I MAKE MY APPEARANCE!

NOW TO GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS! THEY WEREN'T AFTER ME... JUST WHAT IS THEIR GAME?

MAE WEETS OPEN ONLY IN AT-SEA SITUATIONS EMERGENCY!

"I WAS IN NO MOOD TO PLAY FAIR! BESIDES, I HAD TO MOVE FAST!"



"THE THUD OF MY FALL-GUY KILLED SOME OF THE SURPRISE, BUT..."



...HERE? THERE'S NO Hiding PLACE FROM BATMAN--EVEN ON CLOUD-NINE!

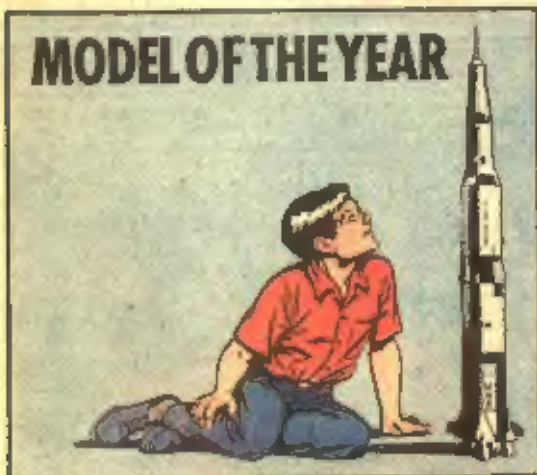


MODEL OF THE YEAR

Build it yourself— Revell's Model-of-the-Year, Apollo Saturn V

We assigned a special team of design engineers to the historic Apollo Saturn V to make sure every detail is precisely correct. You build all stages so they fit together and can be separated. Show your friends every step of the wondrous mission. From 3-stage launching to moon orbiting and landing. From crucial redocking to earth splashdown. Command module has 3 astronauts inside; lunar module comes complete with moon base. The 4-foot-high Apollo Saturn V model is 1969's most fascinating kit for you alone, or as a group project for science classes. Under \$12 wherever toys or hobbies are sold.

Send \$9.95 for your
catalog or Revell kit
Revell, Inc.
2160 Glenview Avenue
Van Nuys, California 91410



"I CONTINUED TO FILL UP POINTS
FOR THE BATMAN-LEGEND--
HITTING THEM WHERE IT HURTS!"

ANYTIME YOU
PICK THE SPOT--
NO MATTER WHERE--

COUNT
ON ME TO
BE THERE--
AND TO
PUT YOU
ON IT!

"I PUT HIM ON
THE SPOT ALL
RIGHT--ONLY
THE 'HIM'
TURNED OUT
TO BE..."

OKAY, CRIME-BUSTER--FREEZE!
OR I FREEZE OLD
SILVER HAIR!

?!

COULDN'T HAVE
KNOWN THE SENATOR'S
IDENTITY, SILVER-- HE
WAS THEIR "TARGET"
ALL ALONE!

GRAB
HIM,
BOYS!

FASTEN SEAT-
BELTS! WE'RE
LANDING!

WE'RE KERS! NO
TIME NOW TO FOOL
WITH BAT-STUFF--
TOSS HIM IN
WITH THE
OTHER CREEP!

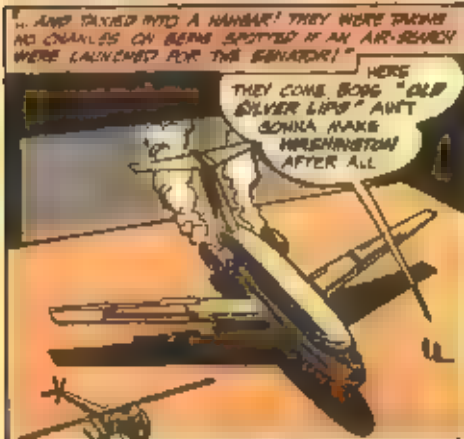
"SO THERE I WAS--RIGHT BACK WHERE I
STARTED FROM! AND 'SILVER' WAS NO GREAT
HELP TO ME NOW!"

THE JURY WILL
DECIDE WHAT TO
DO WITH HIM!

"WE DROVE IN OVER AN ABANDONED AIR-STRIP,
SOMEWHERE DEEP IN THE BACKWOODS."



"...AND TAXIED INTO A HANGAR! THEY WERE TAKING
NO CHANCES ON BEING SPOTTED IF AN AIR-SEARCH
WERE LAUNCHED FOR THE SENATOR!"



HERE
THEY COME BOSS "OLD
SILVER LIPS" AUNT
GONNA MAKE
WASHINGTON
AFTER ALL

I DEMAND TO
KNOW WHO'S
RESPONSIBLE
FOR THIS--THIS
OUTRAGE!

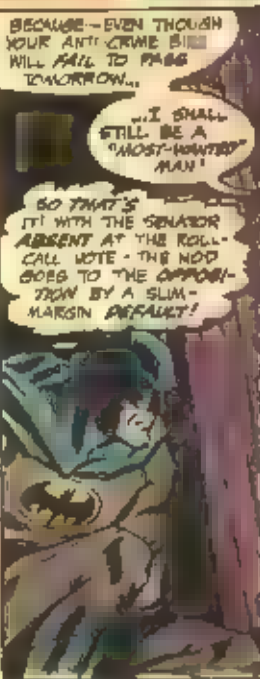
HUSH YOUR SILVER TONGUE,
OLD COOT! LET THE BOSS
TELL YOU...



I REGRET THE
NEED FOR
CONCEALMENT,
SENATOR
WEBSTER--BUT
A MAN IN MY
POSITION CAN'T
AFFORD THE
PUBLIC
ACCLAM YOU
ENJOY!



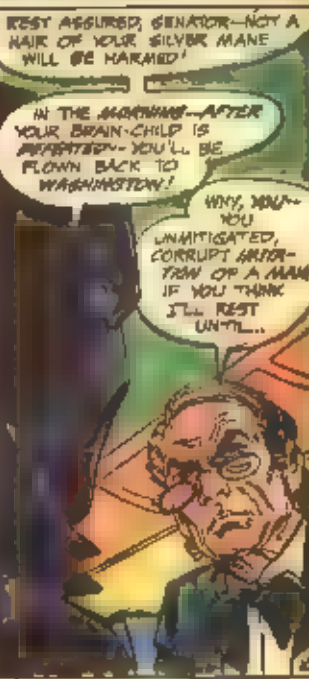
BECAUSE--EVEN THOUGH
YOUR ANTI-CRIME BILL
WILL FAIL TO PASS
TOMORROW...



...I SHALL
STILL BE A
"MOST-WANTED"
MAN!

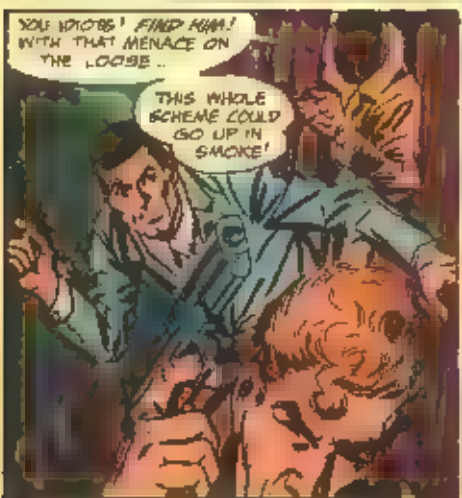
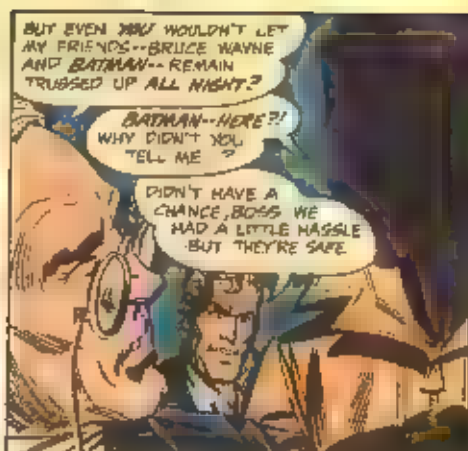
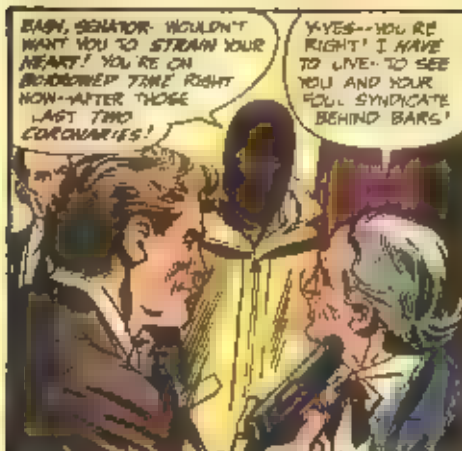
SO THAT'S
IT! WITH THE SENATOR
ABSENT AT THE ROLL-
CALL VOTE - THE MOC
GOES TO THE OPPOSI-
TION BY A SLIM-
MARGIN DEFAULT!

REST ASSURED, SENATOR--NOT A
HAIR OF YOUR SILVER MANE
WILL BE HARMED!



IN THE MORNING--AFTER
YOUR BRAIN-CHILD IS
REPEATED--YOU'LL BE
FLOWN BACK TO
WASHINGTON!

WHY, YOU--
YOU
UNMIGATED,
CORRUPT MIRA-
TION OF A MAN!
I'LL REST
UNTIL...



"HE SURE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE NOW... NOT TO WORRY ABOUT ME! SO I WAS UNITED AND,"

NOW GET BACK
IN YOUR SEAT--
AND STAY
THERE

BRUCE!
YOU
ALL
RIGHT?

I'LL BE A LOT
BETTER IF YOU
LISTEN CARE-
FULLY...

"THEN, GIVING THEM ENOUGH TIME TO GET REAL UP-
TIGHT ABOUT THE MISSING BATMAN, WE WENT
INTO OUR ACT!"

HE'S
NOWHERE, BOSS! BUT LIKE INTO
THIN AIR--KNOW WHAT I MEAN?

URSH-N...
M-MY--
HEA-RT!

I NARRIVED HIM AGAINST
GETTING WORKED UP!
HASN'T HE GOT SOME
MEDICINE ON HIM?

FRANK NOT! HE
TRIED TO REFILL
HIS "DIGITALIS"
PRESCRIPTION AT
THE AIRPORT BEFORE
WE LEFT--BUT THE
DRUGGIST WAS
CLOSED!

GOT TO GET HIM TO
A HOSPITAL... FAST!

UNLESS YOU WANT TO
CAP THIS KIDNAPING
CAPER--WITH A
MURDER!

URSH--YOU EXPECT ME
TO FLY HIM FOR HELP
SO HE CAN RECOVER IN
TIME TO VOTE THAT
ANTI-CRIME BILL
INTO BEING!

YOU
GOT TO
BE NUTS!

YOU'RE THE NUT! THE
LAST THING YOU NEED ON
YOUR HANDS NOW--IS A
DEAD SENATOR

WHEN THE NEWS HITS THE
HILL-- EVERY "FENCE BATER" IN
THE HOUSE WILL SWING OVER
TO HIS BILL! HIS DEATH
WILL GUARANTEE
PASSAGE!

BOSS, THERE'S A BUSH-
PILOT MEDIC 'BOUT TEN
MILES FROM HERE--
WE COULD RADIO
HIM.

YOU HAVEN'T THE
TIME--YOU CAN
FLY HIM THERE
FASTER

YOU HEARD THE
MAN GET THIS HEAP
INTO THE AIR!

"AND AS WE
TOOK WINGS
AGAIN."

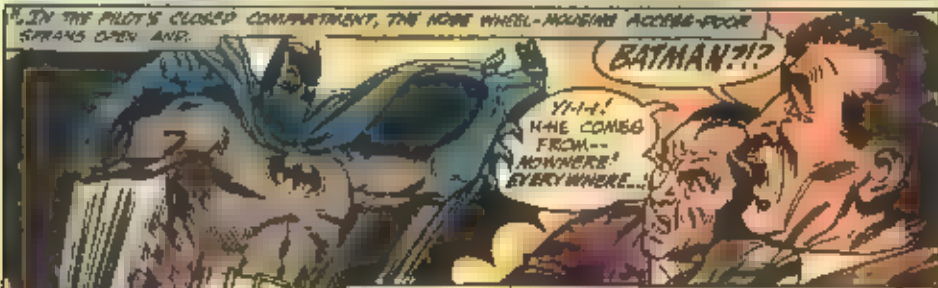
OKAY BIRDMAN:
JUST FLY AND KEEP
YOUR EYES FRONT!



IN THE PILOT'S CLOSED COMPARTMENT, THE NOSE WHEEL-MAINTAIN ACCESS-DOOR
SPRANG OPEN AND:

BATMAN?!!

Y-I-I-I!
H-HE COMES
FROM--
NOWHERE!
EVERYWHERE...



"MY MYSTERIOUS APPEARANCES FINALLY GOT TO THEM. AND
THEY CRACKED!"

H-HE JUST V-VANISHES--
AN' TH-THEN...

H-H-HE
POPS UP--
AND..



SEEM TO REMEMBER--
I OWE YOU BOYS
SOMETHING!



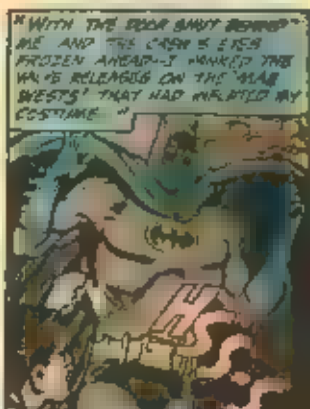


NOT THAT I'M
VENGEFUL,
BUT



YOU LOOK LIKE A HANDY
BOY WITH A GUN, SON--
COVER EM FOR ME

I'VE GOT A
PRESSING DATE UP
FRONT



"WITH THE DEER SHIRT BEHIND"
ME AND THE CASH I'VE
FROZEN AHEAD--I HOPED THE
WAS RELEASED ON THE "BLAS
SWEETS" THAT HAD INFLUENCED MY
COSTUME "



"WHEN THE HELL
CAME UP ON THE
OFF TOPPING THE
ME ATE 'DOD ID
T.I.' TO THE
WY PALLUC
SIE HANISM,
DURING OUR BROT
STAY ON THE
GROUND "

I HAD USED THAT
EMERGEN. EXIT
TO GOOD PURPOSE--
RETURNING IN TIME
TO BECOME BRUCE
WAYNE ONCE
AGAIN

CHANGE COURSE MEN.
THAT HEART ATTACK WAS
A FAKE! NEW DESTINATION--
THE ORIGINAL ONE --
WASHINGTON, D.C.!

"AND THEN, ON OUR APPROACH TO WASHINGTON AIRPORT--AS THE WHEELS CAME DOWN, THE SUXION YANKED OUT MY DEFLATED COSTUME SNAPPING THE TIE-CORD!"

SURE IS A MYSTERY HOW BATMAN APPEARED IN MID-AIR AND DISAPPEARED JUST AS COMPLETELY, EH, SENATOR?"

BESIDES MY POOR COMPREHENSION BRUCE! BUT I DO KNOW--

ONCE I GET MY BILL PASSED ORGANIZED CRIME WILL DO A DISAPPEARING ACT TOO



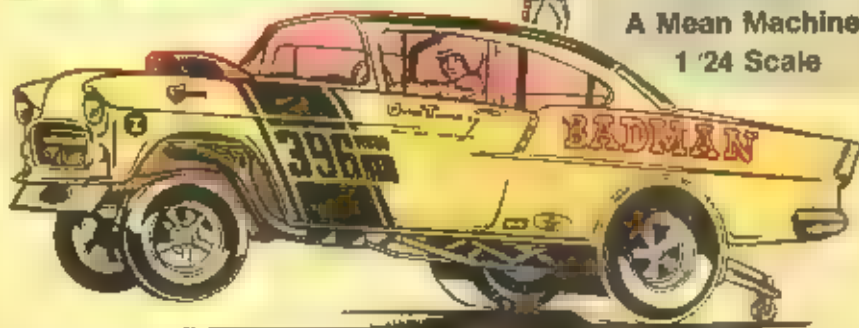
AND SO, ALL YOU CAN SEE WHAT HAPPENED! AND THE "MASKED MARAUDER" ONE OF THE BRAINS BEHIND THE MOB BECAME THE FIRST VICTIM OF "OLD SILVER MANE'S" BRAINCHILD!

FUNNY THING THOUGH--LAST THING SENATOR WEBSTER SAID TO ME WAS "BRUCE... EVER THINK OF RUNNING FOR SENATOR?"

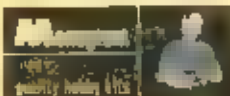
I SAY SIR--CAN'T THINK OF A BETTER MAN FOR THE JOB



BADMAN



The "Funny Car"
Modified Screamer
With Jacked-Up
Front End!
A Mean Machine!
1/24 Scale



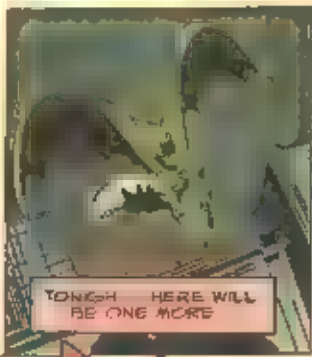
Monogram Models, Inc.
Distributors of Mattel Inc.
Morton Grove, Illinois

Excitement on wheels for drag fans and go-go modelers. The Badman is a real honest-to-goodness "funny" car loaded with eye-catching goodies. Lots of fun and plenty laughs. Great '55 Chevy body molded in one piece. Wild new red tinted windows and hood

scoop. Detailed chassis with modified 327 Chevy engine, blower and tuned exhausts and ladder-type traction bars. Spoked mag wheels with wide ovals up front and wide jumbos on the rear wheels--wheels too. Get one at your favorite store. About 2 bucks.

THE NIGHT FALLS ON CHRISTMAS EVE IN GOTHAM. THE SIDEWALKS BUSTLE WITH LAST MINUTE SHOPPERS - A PEACEFUL, ALMOST HEAVENLY SCENE. WOULD INJUSTICE AND TRAGEDY DARKEN THE NIGHT? THERE IS TOO MUCH CONTRARY EXPERIENCE TO BELIEVE OTHERWISE FOR THE BATMAN!

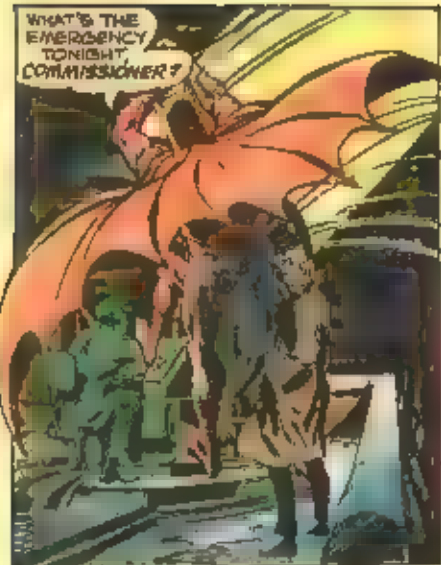
THEN AS THE EERIE BAT-SIGNAL SHIMMERS AGAINST A GLOW-FILLED CLOUD THE ATMOSPHERE TAKES ON A CELESTIAL COMPOSITION FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS, MYSTICS HAVE EXPERIENCED THE MANY MYSTERIES SURROUNDING CHRISTMAS.



TONIGHT HERE WILL BE ONE MORE

the Silent Night of the BATMAN

WHAT'S THE
EMERGENCY
TONIGHT,
COMMISSIONER?



NO EMERGENCY, BATMAN!
QUITE THE OPPOSITE IN
FACT! I CALLED YOU 'N
BECAUSE CHRISTMAS EVE
IS NOT A NIGHT FOR YOU
TO BE OUT PATROLLING--
'TIS THE SEASON TO BE
JOLLY!"

LIKE THE SAYINGS
GOES YOU KNOW
"AND I KNOW IT...
NOW TELL THEM!
CRIME AND DISASTER
AREN'T INCLINED TO
OBSERVE HOLIDAYS!

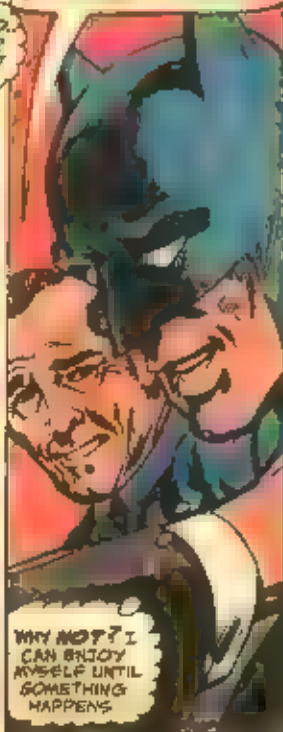


TONIGHT IS GOING TO
BE DIFFERENT!
I KNOW IT!

HE SOUNDS
ALMOST INSPIRED...
BUT NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS BY JUST
SAYING IT!



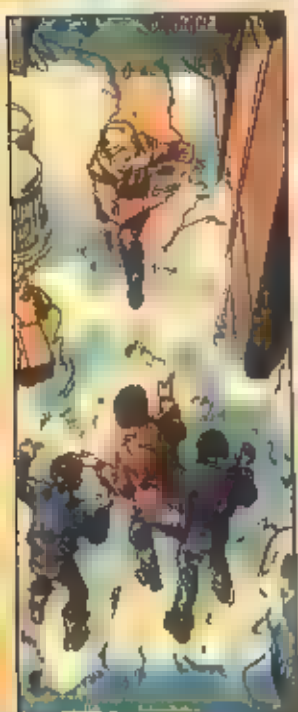
C'MON, BATMAN-- HOW
ABOUT CONTRIBUTING YOUR
DEEP VOCAL CHORDS TO
SOME CHRISTMAS CAROLS!



WHY NOT? I
CAN ENJOY
MYSELF UNTIL
SOMETHING
HAPPENS

Jingle bells,
Jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh what fun
it is to ride
In a one-horse
open sleigh...

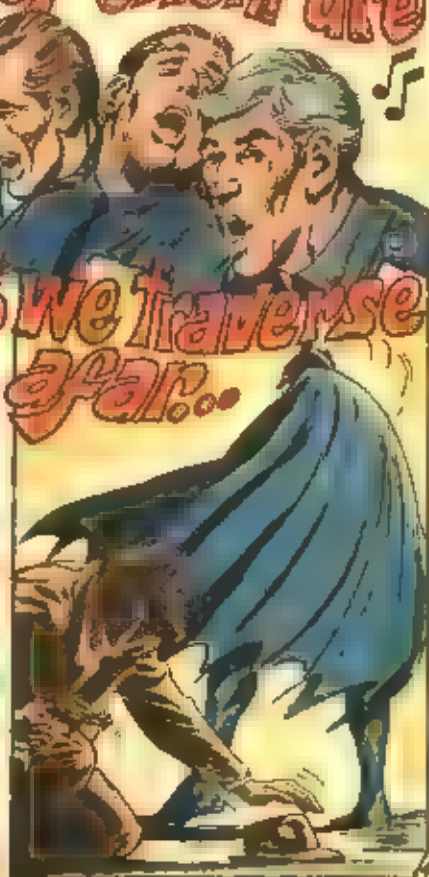
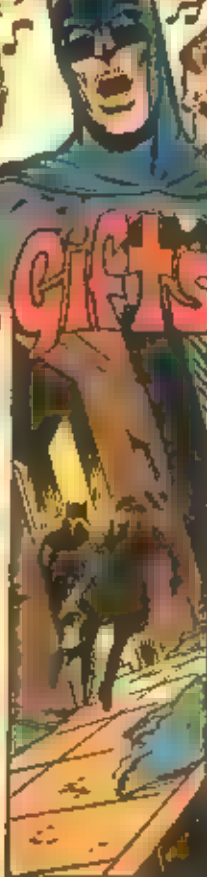
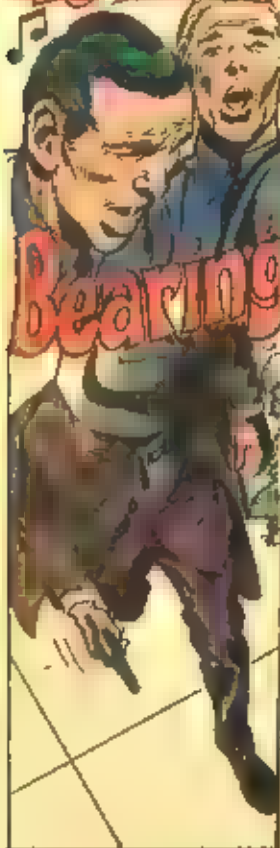


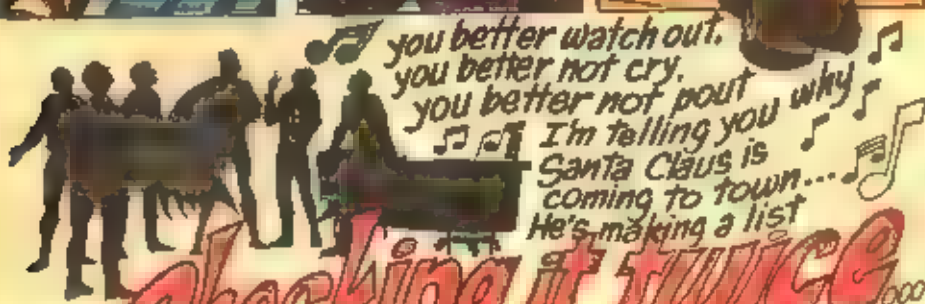
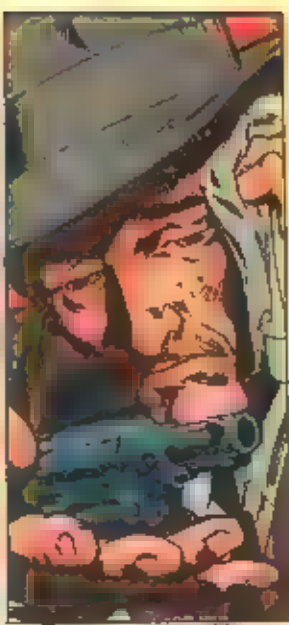




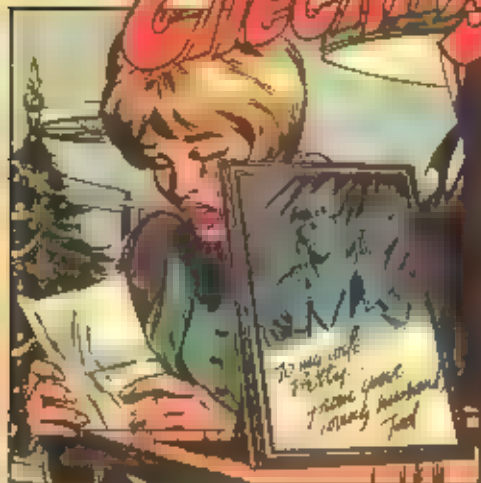
We Three Kings of Orient are

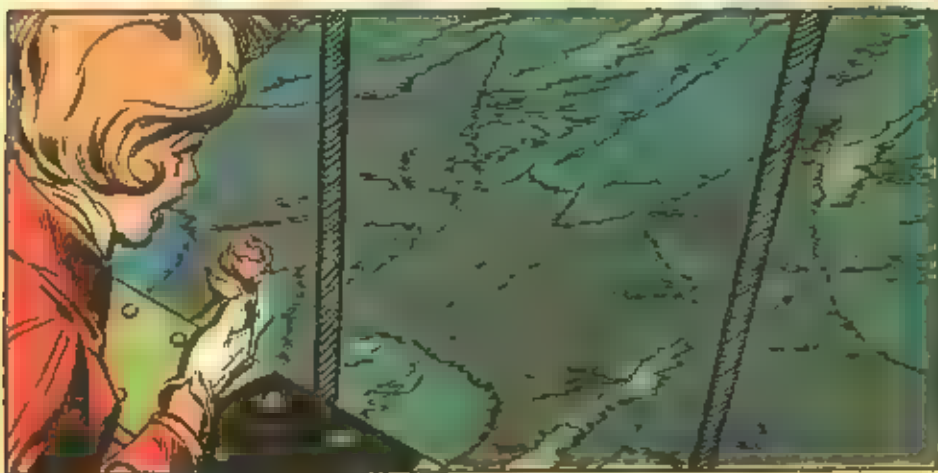
*Bearing Gifts we traverse
a far...*





Checking it twice...





Silent night,
holy night
All is calm, all is bright...

GOOD HEAVENS!
IT'S SIX
O'CLOCK! WE'VE
BEEN SINGING
HERE ALL
NIGHT!

WE
HAVEN'T
BEEN
DISTURBED
BY ONE
REPORT OF
ROBBERY, MURDER,
DRUG-PEDDLING...

...ANYTHING!

IT'S LIKE
THE SPIRIT
OF
CHRISTMAS
PEACE TOOK
HOLD ON
EVERYONE...

BUT WHAT IS THE
CHRISTMAS SPIRIT,
BATMAN? --MIGHT
IT NOT BE... YOU...
OR I?

WHA...?

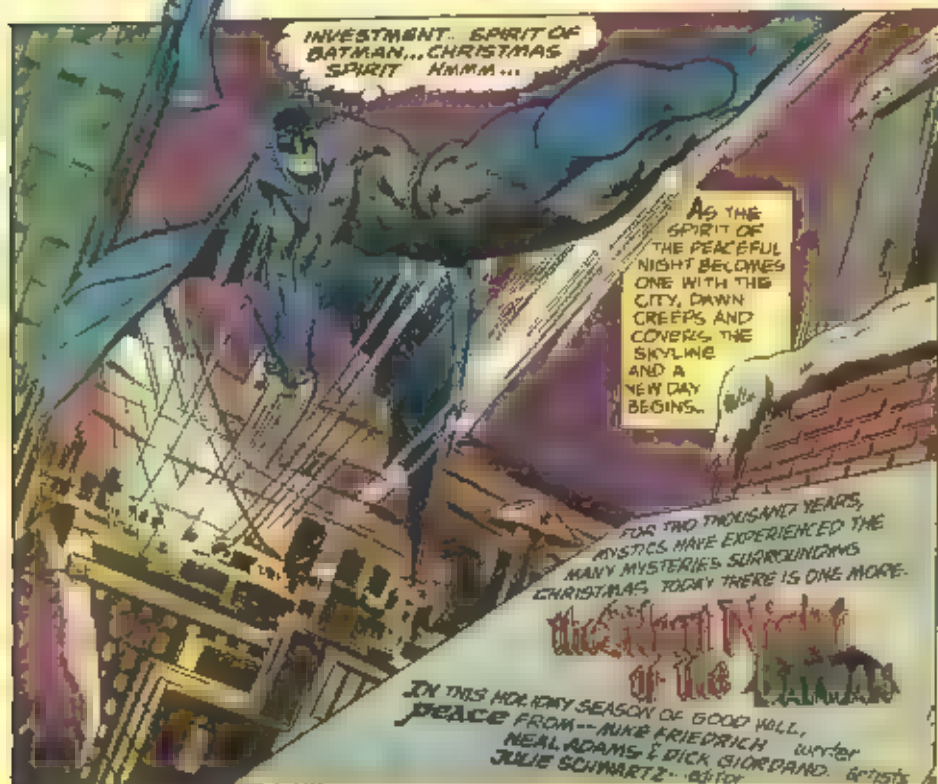


...MY
EYES...
PLAYING
TRICKS



EH?
AMAZING...

WE'VE BEEN
WAITING HERE ALL
NIGHT AND NOT A SINGLE
CALL HAS COME IN FOR
YOU! IT APPEARS THE
INVESTMENT YOU'VE
PUT INTO THIS CITY
HAS PAID OFF TONIGHT
GIVING YOU A NIGHT
OFF!



INVESTMENT... SPIRIT OF
BATMAN... CHRISTMAS
SPIRIT HMMM...

AS THE
SPIRIT OF
THE PEACEFUL
NIGHT BECOMES
ONE WITH THE
CITY, DAWN
CREEPS AND
COVERS THE
SKYLINE
AND A
NEW DAY
BEGINS...

FOR TWO THOUSAND YEARS,
MYSTICS HAVE EXPERIENCED THE
MANY MYSTERIES SURROUNDING
CHRISTMAS. TODAY THERE IS ONE MORE.

The Spirit of the Batman

IN THIS HOLIDAY SEASON OF GOOD WILL,
PEACE FROM--MIKE FRIEDRICH
NEAL ADAMS & DICK GIORDANO WRITER
JULIE SCHWARTZ--ARTIST

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

OF WAR

SGT ROCK **G.I. COMBAT**

NO, SGT ROCK DO NOT TOUCH THE PIPER

UP YOUR CHILDREN AND DOOMED

WHAT AN SGT ROCK NO MARCH CHILDREN'S (PAPER AND AT SCARS)

PIPED PIPER & PERIL!

BOTH ON SALE DEC.

29¢ 9¢

THE LAST TANK! (MAIN ONE!)

FACE ENERGY! (BATTLE AND ROCK-AB-DIE)

TIME BOMB TANK!

SEA SECOND STRING SOLDIER

I CAN HEAR THE ENEMY TUNING!

WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THE WORLD'S GREATEST SUPER-HEROES DESERTING EARTH IN ITS HOUR OF CRISIS?

A BOY, HIS BIKE.. AND THE STRANGEST SEARCH EVER TOLD.

JUSTICE LEAGUE AMERICA **JASON'S QUEST**

TWO NEW SUPER-HITS FROM

SUPERMAN **DC** **NATIONAL COMICS**

ON SALE DEC. 11TH

WHO IS TILL? WHERE IS GIL?

TIME TO KILL!

STORY BY:
HENRY KUTTNER

ART BY:
JOHN GUNTA

A
DC
EXTRA

IN THIRTY DAYS, JED BRUNO KNEW, HE WOULD ACHIEVE HIS GREATEST AMBITION-- FOR HE HAD ALREADY TRAVELED THIRTY DAYS INTO THE FUTURE AND HAD ACTUALLY WITNESSED HIS TRIUMPH! BUT TIME HAD AN UNPREDICTABLE WAY OF DECEIVING PEOPLE, THAT NOT EVEN JED BRUNO COULD FORESEE!

AS THE FIRST EVENTS OF MY LIFE UNFOLD BEFORE ME, IT BECOMES CLEAR NOW THAT GRADUATION DAY FROM COLLEGE MARKED THE START OF MY BITTER RIVALRY WITH ANDREW BELDIN...

CONGRATULATIONS, MR. BELDIN, ON GRADUATING WITH THE HIGHEST HONORS IN YOUR CLASS!

AS FAR AS I WAS CONCERNED, "SECOND BEST" MEANT NOTHING IN MY PRIVATE DUEL WITH BELDIN...

AND YOU, MR. BRUNO, GRADUATE WITH SECOND HIGHEST HONORS...

WE WERE BOTH SCIENTISTS, BUT EACH TIME I FAILED, SELDIN SUCCEEDED! HE BUILT THE WORLD'S FASTEST MONORAIL-- PLANNED THE FIRST SPACE-STATION-- PERFECTED WIRELESS TRANSMISSION OF ENERGY...



BUT I WAS WILLING TO IGNORE ALL OF SELDIN'S TRIUMPHS, IF I COULD ONLY BEAT HIM IN ONE INVENTION...

THIS MACHINE FOR TRAVELING THROUGH TIME! I KNOW I'M CLOSE TO MAKING IT WORK!



BUT EVEN THIS VICTORY WAS SNATCHED OUT OF MY GRASP, WHEN...

...THE ELECTRIFYING NEWS THAT PROFESSOR SELDIN HAS INVENTED A TIME-MACHINE! IT WILL BE DEMONSTRATED IN GOTHAM SQUARE ONE MONTH FROM TODAY!

NO--
NO!



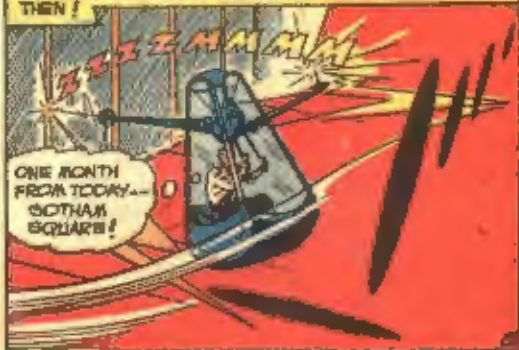
THAT NIGHT I RESOLVED TO STEAL SELDIN'S PLANS FOR HIS TIME-MACHINE AND USE THEM MYSELF...

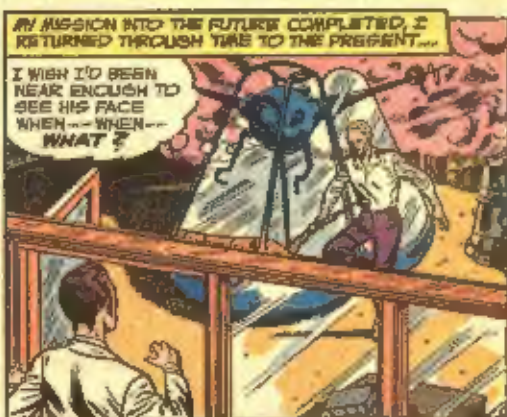
I CAN'T OPEN HIS SAFE! BUT I'VE THOUGHT OF A BETTER WAY TO ROB HIM OF HIS TRIUMPH!



I GLOATED AT THE SHEER SIMPLICITY OF MY PLAN! I'D TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE TO THE MOMENT OF SELDIN'S GREATEST SUCCESS--AND KILL HIM THEN!

ONE MONTH FROM TODAY--
GOTHAM SQUARE!





Dear Editor:

If anyone had told me a year ago that I'd anxiously await every issue of *Batman* that came out, I'd have given him my best sneer and said, "You're out of your mind!" But stranger things have happened, for it seems that I am uncommonly glad when I see each new issue on the stands.

Why in the world do I suddenly enjoy the magazine so much? The only reason I can find is *Frank Robbins*. I now instinctively know that should I read even the first page, I will be beckoned onward and will end up reading the whole issue right there. I rate few magazines so high, so Frank should be quite happy knowing it's his scripts that made me this way.

Batman #215 boasted a Robbins masterpiece, "Call Me Master!" All I really wanted was a good detective story, but why was it so hard for everyone else? *Mystery*, a word I love, resounded from every panel, even after the "Master's" identity was revealed. Robbins deftly held off until the last page before revealing the means by which Mycroft dulled comrades' wits. And throughout the story, well, everything went as smooth as—a pun intended—clockwork. Robbins writes his puzzles so nicely, allowing each piece to reveal itself bit by bit until it is assembled at the end.

Well, now! The sneaky side of you shows itself as I eye-ball this issue's art credits. Yes, I do believe I heard something of Dick Giordano being an artist before an editor. And now he must prove his worth, for in me he will find an art critic second to none. I look him over. And I am impressed. Yes, indeed, Dick is an artist, and a good one. I was aware his inks merged well with Mike Sekowsky's pencils, and it looks like he and Novick have hit it off as well. I will be honest and say he's not as good as Joe Giella. But I will give him 99% rating, and that's worth a gold star or two in anybody's book.

It looks more than ever that the new *Batman* is in reality the old *Batman*. And that's just the way I like it.

—GARY SKINNER, Columbus, Ohio.

(The measly 1% that the above correspondent withheld from Dick G's rating-score as a Novick-inker is enthusiastically handed to him by the next critic.—Editor)

Dear Editor:

Shades of Dick Giordano (are better than the shades of Joe Giella, that is!) For years upon years on end, I could never figure out why Joe Giella never appealed to me. Come Gil Kane, Bob Kane, Irv Novick or Bob Brown, the inks pressed the "off" button on me. Coupled by the raves of LOC's on the inks, I doubted my sanity and resigned myself to admiring cereal box covers.

But now I know why the Giella inks flopped—he's not as much an inker as he's a penciler. His art on the *Batman* newspaper strip was great (oh, what nice adjectives I can dig up! Turned inker. Giella took out the natural life of many artists' pencils. They were stagnant, uninteresting, and two-dimensional. Comes along Mr. Giordano and the pencils of Irv Novick are crisp, fresh, and re-vitalized. Technically, Giella never varies the thickness of his brush lines, causing a monotonous "sameness" throughout the magazine. Not so with Mr. Giordano. The speed with which he inks makes the lines... what the heck! Why go on? I'll just bore the world with compliments.

—KLAUS JANSON, Bridgeport, Conn.

(But for the surprising pay-off on the inking-witch, take heed of the upcoming reaction.—Editor)

Dear Editor:

Your change in inking artists didn't make the art seem any different from the past few issues. In fact, I didn't know there had been a change until I finished the story and looked back at the credits on the splash page. (I usually don't do this, but I had skipped it before I started the story.) In spite of this, I still thought "Call Me Master" was pretty good.

—TIM ATWATER, Mill Valley, Cal.

Dear Editor:

The cover of *Batman* #215 was one that should live forever in comics history. The contrasting dark foreground with the explosive light background, and the taut, anguished *Batman* pushing the plunger to destroy Wayne Manor, made for an excellent cover.

"Call Me Master" was very nicely done. The first five panels gave the story an aura of suspense. The subtle satire on pages 3 to 7 were a nice change of pace, especially after the campy stories we readers had so long endured. The ending, with the villain explaining his motives to the bitter end, so frequently found in Robbins' stories, but usually leaving the reader feeling he has just fallen from a cliff and discovering he can't hit the ground, fitted perfectly with this story. One thing about the yarn bothered me, though. Had *Batman* actually killed the inhabitants of Wayne Manor, he would have had a great deal of difficulty serving the villains, what with a murder charge hanging over his head!

Artwise, the story was a total success. Irv Novick and Dick Giordano were more compatible than the Novick-Giella team ever were. Had the panel layout been different, it would have been almost like having Neal Adams doing the art!

—RAY ELLIS, Tyler, Tex.

(What with Novick-Giordano and Adams-Giordano each represented in this issue, we can look forward to a new round of artistic sparring among our readers.

—Editor)

Dear Editor:

Frank Robbins' "Call Me Master" was average. I must elucidate by adding that what is average for Robbins is magnificent for any other writer. I very much enjoyed his caption which read, "Gotham's outstanding young philanthropist, Bruce Wayne..." Despite a reader's claim that Bruce must be 40 by now, I have always thought of him as being about the age of 28 or 29. And while we're discussing Bruce Wayne's vital statistics, I must take issue with the enigmatic "Pittsburgh Sam", who in his interesting letter quotes *Batman's* height as exactly 6'0". A 1955 story cited his height as 6'1", and I feel that today 6'2" would not be anomalous for a big, strapping fellow like our Gotham Goliath.

As for Sam's claim that *Batman's* muscles shouldn't "age out as you as it does on a Steve Reeves type". I will defend the artist's tradition of giving our hero bulging muscles. After all these years of rigorous training and exercise, coupled with herculean action-use of his physique, *Batman* would not be perfectly symmetrical. Large muscles also add an air of distinction and keep up the good ol' super-hero image.

—STEVE BEERY, Lima, Mich.

Address communications to LETTERS TO THE BATCAVE, National Periodical Publications, 909 Third Ave., New York, N.Y., 10022.